

hef lieu, consisting of brick and stone buildings, with no inhabitants, called *Porte-le-France*; while the missionaries, on their part, founded a city further inland and denominated *Conception*. Religion, at the commencement, was more successful than generalship. Nearly all the natives of the new colony, some 50,000 in number, belonging to the papuan negro race, were baptized in a few years, and made faithful subjects of Napoleon III; and their allegiance was strengthened by occasional distributions of food and clothing, brought twice a year by sailing vessels from Nantes and Bordeaux. The same transports, as a rule, escribed a freight of colonists, picked up in the great towns of France, and make the lot of these immigrants more pleasant, the Paris Poorlaw Board, L'Administration de l'Assistance Publique—despatched now and then a shipload of female orphans, who found husbands as soon as they set foot on the shores of New Caledonia. Other immigrants arrived from the French settlements in the Indian Ocean, from the Isle of Bourbon and Madagascar, and on the young colony found itself in a very flourishing state. To complete its prosperity, the French Government now on the point of carrying out a very extraordinary scheme, the success of which must be a matter of real importance to all connected with colonial enterprise.

According to the *Moniteur* the news has just been received in France that the imperial frigate *Iphigenie* has safely landed at *Porte-de-France* a "first instalment" of convicts sent from Toulon, New Caledonia. The event was held to be of such importance by the colonial authorities as to necessitate the celebration of a great public *fete*, which took place on the 28th of May last. On this day the whole of the convicts were drawn up before the residence of the governor, M. Guillaud, who addressed them in a curious speech as "*Ouvriers de la Transportation*," that is, "transported laborers." He told them that henceforth they would be held no more prisoners, but free men, "but real free only under the condition of being conscientious workers." Then followed a bit of characteristic French officialism. "Ply nimbly your tools," cried M. Guillaud, "ply them nimbly and unceasingly on stone, on wood, and iron, that the sound may re-echo in France, mingled with your cries '*Vive l'Empereur!*'" Of course, the eloquent governor did not fail to remind his hearers that they were the glory of France at the Antipodes. The words were accompanied by the booming of the guns of the frigate and the playing of military bands. From the governor's residence the "transport-laborers" were led to an improvised chapel, where mass was celebrated, after which the Abbe Renonard delivered a moral political sermon on civilization and French glory. The preacher also tickled the ears of his congregation very pleasantly, by telling them that the freights of Parisian orphans were their way to the colony, destined to make it a flourishing and permanent settlement. Then there were fresh salutes of artillery, fresh outbursts of drums and fifes, and fresh cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" intermingled with the chant of the priests, and the delivery of "songs of gratitude and happiness, composed by one of the ex-convicts." A minute report of the whole ceremony in the *Moniteur de la Nouvelle-Caledonie* ends with the information that the first instalment of "transported laborers" will be followed immediately by others, and likewise by free settlers from France and the French colonies in the Indian Ocean.

It will be most interesting to watch the further development of this new process of criminal reform, organized, as is stated in the French papers, in great part by the Emperor Napoleon himself. The scheme certainly is worth high place among "Napoleonic ideas." It starts with the old Roman notion of expatriation, which, as such, need not be aggravated by others. Napoleon, therefore, throws overboard at once all the complex arrangements about pardons, semi-pardons, remissions of sentences, and tickets-of-leave, and, going straight to the point, packs his convicts on board a man-of-war, and transporting them to the other side of the globe, sets them free on landing. At their new home the men are put under combined military and spiritual authority. "If you work hard and turn industrious citizens," runs the exhortation of the general as well as the chaplain, "you shall lead a comfortable life; there will be food for you, and shelter and clothing, *panes et circenses*; even pretty orphans fresh from Paris. And if you do not work—well, we will not punish

you for past sins; that little matter has been settled, thanks to the wise Caesar at home!—but we will then simply take no notice of you. Non-workers here are at liberty to starve, or, if they like it better, go into the mountains, among the dirty, naked Papuan negroes, who dwell in holes in the ground, and eat grass—unless, indeed, they have a chance of eating some old granny." So runs the sermon of both governor and priest, and its effects upon the hearers cannot be doubtful. But there is next another element brought to bear upon the liberated convicts, the example of the free settlers. Among the French, as is well known, there exists an intense desire for the possession of landed property, be it only an acre or half an acre of ground; and while the new immigrants in New Caledonia receive free gifts of land immediately on their arrival, the "transported laborers" have only one way open to them of becoming landowners, namely, industry and hard work. To judge by the report of the *Moniteur*, there appears no objection on the part of the free settlers to mingle with the old convicts; but, on the contrary, a wish for their introduction, as a convenient supply of labor. The news that the first instalment of the new laborers was about to leave Toulon brought a crowd of old French colonists, under the leadership of a nobleman, M. Louis de Tourris, from the Isle of Bourbon to New Caledonia, and the stream of immigration is said to continue. Under all these circumstances, the Napoleonic experiment is a highly interesting one, and it will be worth the trouble to note, from time to time, the progress of "French glory at the Antipodes."—[*London Times*.]

#### BORN TO GOOD LUCK.

Nearly half a century ago the star of the Cobourg family rose in the ascendant, and has shone with considerable brilliancy ever since. In May, 1816, Prince Leopold, of Saxe-Cobourg, married the only daughter of the Prince Regent (afterward George IV) of England, and, after her death in the following year the Duke of Kent espoused Leopold's sister, who became the mother of Queen Victoria. Ever since, the Cobourgs have been steadily pushing on. Leopold, after sensibly refusing the crown of Greece, accepted that of Belgium, and has conducted himself very correctly in that busy and thriving little kingdom. Every now and then, when his subjects show a desire for change—many of them wish, to be united with France—he goes down to the Legislative Chambers or into the Park at Brussels, as the case may be, and plainly tells all concerned that if they are tired of him there need not be the slightest delicacy or hesitation in saying so, for that he will pack up his portmanteau, at a moment's notice, and retire to England, where he can enjoy Clarendon and \$250,000 a year, which the British Parliament settled on him when he married the Princess Charlotte, and to which, though he has not received this pension since he became King, he has prudently retained the right, should evil days arise. When the Belgians hear him speaking in this manner they hang their heads and sneak home like children who have been caught in the act of robbing an orchard, and remain quiet for a considerable time. The fact is, King Leopold is one of the wisest and most prudent sovereigns in Europe, and his personal character has made a naturally insignificant State (Belgium not being one-quarter as large as Pennsylvania) very important among the European nations. Were Leopold to carry out his threat of leaving them, the Belgians would soon find themselves insignificant.

Leopold's second wife was an excellent gentlewoman, the eldest daughter of Louis Philippe, for eighteen years citizen-king of the French—the modern Ulysses, who was so remarkably crafty that he ended by taking himself in, which led to his ejection from France. Leopold has married his eldest son to an Austrian Arch-duchess; his only daughter, sister-in-law of the Emperor of Austria, became Empress of Mexico a few months ago, and his second son is spoken of as likely to espouse the Princess Sanuaria of Brazil, a charming young woman with a round dozen of Christian names, who, on the death of Don Pedro II, her father, will become reigning Empress of Brazil. One of the Cobourgs married the late Queen Donna Maria de Gloria, of Portugal, and is now a sort of dowager King-consort; another cousin became husband of the Princess Clementine, of France, and, luckiest stroke of luck, the late Prince Albert, nephew to Leopold of Belgium, and younger brother of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, became

husband to Queen Victoria, of England, and father to her nine Princes and Princesses. The Cobourgs have indeed been very lucky in their matrimonial alliances.

There is another family, now reigning in Denmark, whose good fortune appears likely to rival that of the lucky Cobourgs. Eleven years ago, Prince Christian of Glucksbourg, a cadet of the second and inferior house of Holstein-Sonderbourg, was adopted, by the law of 1853, as heir presumptive to the throne of Denmark, then occupied by Frederic VII, who represented the principal line of Holstein-Danemark. At that time he was only thirty-five years old, so poor that it is doubtful if his princely revenues were as much as \$10,000 per annum. He was selected, because in the contest of 1848—1850 with Prussia, he alone among the cadets of the two inferior branches of the Holstein family had taken up arms on behalf of Denmark. Thus Prince Christian became heir to the Danish throne, to which he succeeded about a year ago. Hitherto he has been a very unfortunate sovereign, for the combined arms of Prussia and Austria have taken from him more than one third of his territory, while England, France, Russia, and the other Powers which actually placed him on the throne, coldly held aloof and allowed the Germans to perpetrate one of the greatest spoilsations committed since the partition of Poland.

Personally, however, King Christian of Denmark has had, and is having, a large share of good fortune. His eldest daughter, married to the Prince of Wales will one day be Queen Consort of England, and her infant son may live to reign in turn. His second son, who is not yet twenty years old, was little more than sixteen when he was made King of Greece, and is spoken of as about marrying a Russian princess. His second daughter, the Princess Dagmar, it has been officially announced, has been selected by the Czar to become his wife, and, in fullness of time, will probably become Empress of Russia. The Czar's daughter is twenty-one and the Princess Dagmar not quite seventeen years of age.

Here is abundant good fortune for one family. The father rises from genteel poverty to a throne. One daughter weds the heir to the British crown, the other is to marry the eldest son of the Emperor of Russia—the great empire which, thanks to the sagacity and liberality of the present Czar, exhibits more social progress than any other country in Europe; and the second son, who would have been a nobody at home has become King of the Hellenes, a dignity which, with sufficient support from without, he may render useful to a people who, with many faults of character, are brave and intelligent, as becomes the descendants of the great Greek republics of antiquity.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT COMPOSITIONS.

BY KATE THORNE.

Come, Lilly and Milly, and Delly and Melly, and Mary and Sarah, and Jimmy and Johnny and Charley, and all the rest of you that have a composition to write for next week, dry up your tears, put off your doleful faces, while I tell you how to do it. You can't? O, yes you can, if you only know how. Such hard work? I know it is. I know all about it. Many a time I have sat an hour, with a pen in my hand, and the only thing in the world I could think of would be, "Spring is the pleasantest season of the year."

"The flowers begin to blossom, the trees put forth their green leaves; the squirrel hops from branch to branch and everything is very glad to think spring is coming." And when I got so far, I always had to stop, for want of something to say. Oh yes—you can't tell me anything bad about the matter that I don't know already. I always feel sorry for children when they come home from school with their long composition faces on, and so I want to tell you about a class of boys and girls hereabouts, who think it is fun to write their compositions. When they have one to write they come bounding into the house to tell of it, as joyful as if they were going skating.

I wondered much what the magic was that had made play of what used to be such hard work; and so I went up to school one day to find out. This was what I saw. In a recitation room sat the teacher at her desk, and before her were about twenty little boys and girls. Some of them were pretty, and some were plain. Some had light hair, and some dark. There were blue eyes, and black eyes, and brown eyes, but the

eyes were all looking straight at the teacher, and the lips were all smiling. And this was what I heard:

"Children, how many feet has a dog?"

"Four."

"How many has a cat?" "Four."

"How many ears have they each?"

"Two."

"How many tails?"

"One."

"What are their skins both covered with?"

"Hair."

"Then what is the difference between a dog and a cat?"

The children looked blank, and no one spoke.

"If there were a cat and a dog both in this room, could you tell me which was which?"

"Yes'm."

"How?"

"They don't look alike," spoke up Eddy, rather doubtfully.

"But how differently do they look?"

"The dog is the biggest," said Johnny Fay, sure that he had found it all out.

"But suppose they were of the same size—a little dog and a big cat?"

Another silence, and then Duly's hand was raised, and her blue eyes sparkled, and she said, timidly. "The kitty would purr if you should stroke her, but the dog wouldn't."

"Well, children, you need not tell me any more now, but I want you to go home and look at all your dogs and cats, and see in what things they are different from each other, and the subject of your next composition will be, 'Why a cat is not a dog.'"

The children were dismissed and went home; but you may be sure that all the dogs and cats in about twenty houses had to undergo a thorough examination that night. They were doubtless somewhat surprised at having their claws counted, and their mouths so unceremoniously opened, and their teeth and tongues looked at, and their eyes looked into. And the dogs wondered what the reason was that they had to be taken into a dark room, and their hair rubbed the wrong way to see if it would sparkle. But they bore it very patiently, considering that they could not be made to know what it was all for.

Then the children talked with their fathers and mothers, and rumaged the book-shelves, and read everything they could find about dogs and cats, and they remembered many little stories about them themselves, and when next composition day came, every one was ready, and as eager and happy as if they were about to do a very pleasant thing.

I should like to tell you what some of the compositions were; what funny things were in them, and how they all laughed. Some of the children disagreed to some things, too. Harry had written that cat's eyes were always green; Emma thought they were yellow; while Josie said her kitty's were brown. Berty thought that the greatest difference between cats and dogs was that boys liked dogs, and girls liked cats. Altogether, they had a merry time over their compositions; and I am sure that any one of these twenty children could tell the difference now between a dog and a cat without any hesitation.

One day, somebody asked one of the little boys why it was that he liked to write compositions so well. He twisted his button-hole with his fingers, and looked up at the clouds with his eyes, and, after thinking a minute he said:

"I guess its cause I always write about what I know."

Now, there's the secret for you, my children. Always write about what you know, and it will not be so hard after all.

WHAT HE WANTS.—When a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion he wants, not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can play the piano admirably, sing *a la opera* and dance to perfection; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason and reflect, and feel and judge, and discourse and discriminate; one who can assist him in his affairs, lighten his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles and educate his children. Such is the woman who is fit for a mother and the mistress of a family. A woman of the former description may occasionally figure in the drawing-room and attract the attention of the company, but she is entirely unfit for a help-mate to man, and to "train up a child in the way it should go."

—That face is the noblest that beams brightest with benevolence; that hand the most beautiful from which benefits and favors and gifts are wisely falling.